



**Bomba Movies**

BITE OF THE BOMBA

AHHHH!

SPROFF



YES! We're back!

Wittier than Noel Coward on acid, spunkier than Sarah Young's breath and with more bite than a barrelful of rabid baboons. Rumours of our demise have been greatly exaggerated.

Financing of this 16 page extravaganza has been the source of much wailing and the gnashing of teeth down at Bomba HQ. Loss of free photo-copying and a reluctance to tolerate the whinging of trainspotters pissin' on about the crap grammar and lack of credits just cos they shelled out 50 whole pence meant that alternatives had to be considered.

**CHONDO STANDS AS THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT OF HUMAN TRANSPLANT SURGERY. MORGAN'S BIOCHEMICAL RESEARCHES, AND RUBY'S EXPERIMENTS IN PLASTICIZED PROSTHETICS!**

Suggestions for raising the much needed cash included falsely claiming that we'd been nicked by customs for smuggling a pile of jizz-videos and asking for donations to pay our legal fees and smash the system manning up on a film festival, and then not showing half of the advertised films and the rest in cut versions freely available in any video-shop and lastly, selling back issues of Euro Trash Cinema at vastly inflated prices consider-

ing they were bought at a car-boot sale. All were rejected as reprehensible and morally bankrupt so instead, we cooked up a batch of Frankenhooker super-crack and flogged it to child prostitutes. So thanks to the tory spirit of free enterprise and a pile of Razzle back issues, the jack-booted publishing empire continues to blitzkreig your letterbox at no more than the price of a stamp. Hallelujah!

Next issue will be a "Prince Albert" special and will contain loads of photos of shaved chickens, chicks with pierced labias and we'll mercilessly slate anything even remotely connected with horror 'cos we're dead, jaded and cynical.

Enjoy our scuzziest guide yet to the sleaze and filth than you can cram into your VCR and we'll see you next issue.

THE BOMBA BOYS

This issue's soundtrack was ICE CUBE-THE PREDATOR, AGENT ORANGE-THIS IS THE VOICE, GREEN DAY-DOOKIE, FUNDAMENTAL-SIZE THE TIME, HAROLD-33 REVOLUTIONS PER MIN.

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE EDITIONS OF MEAL ECONOMY, FIVE HUNDRED AND ONE EDITIONS OF MEAL ECONOMY, AND ONE HUNDRED AND ONE EDITIONS OF MEAL ECONOMY.

&lt;p

# FREE ~~4~~ SEX

## PORNO HOLOCAUST

Buy this issue and get a free VHS tape of *PORN HOLOCAUST* starring Joe D'Amato as the *STAR OF SLAUGHTER*!

Joe D'Amato can sit proudly upon the shit-pot of sleaze as the other pretenders to his throne are forced to choke upon a casserole of his festering turds and the vile crust scraped from his anal-hairs. This has just gotta be the most deliriously perverted, eyeball-deforming sick-flick ever to pass thru a VCR. You can always rely upon Joe to produce the mouth-watering goods and the wildly-inconsistent Argento deserves to be amally-

## IT MAKES BEASTS OF MEN AND WOMEN

excavated by D'Amato's huge throbbing phallus of genius until his rectal-sea is hanging outta ass in bloodied-tatters. When Joe promises a Porno Holocaust you just know that you're gonna experience a dick-nibbling, semen-slurping, pouting pussy extravaganza of biblical proportions. However, not even the most fanatical disciple of The Church Of Massacressi dare to hope for the desecrated celluloid orgy of deviant sexual acts that unfolds before you.

"...AND SO DOWN THE SAME ROAD TO MANY OTHER HORRIFYING MARKS HAVE TRAVELED...JAIL!"

## ZOMBIE GIRLS FIGHT, BITE!



A buncha scientists(gynaecologists judging by the huge amount of time they spend pawing on another's genitals) jaunt off to a desert island to be strangled, kidnapped and corralled by a mutated zombie-native. Huge, scabby and glowing in the dark (and that's just his wang!) the randy zomboid gets a bad



## PORNO SHOCKER

YOU STAND MOTIONLESS  
UNDER THE MOON IN THE  
SILENT SWAMP.....YOU  
HAVEN'T MOVED FOR DAYS!  
YOUR MIND IS A BLANK,  
AND YOUR GLASSY EYES  
STARE AHEAD UNSEEINGLY!



While It May Be Seen By Any Adult... It Will  
Best Be Understood By The Sophisticated...

Beautiful temptress... or bloodthirsty monster?

## "THE MOST VIOLENT MAN ON EARTH!"

The gore is strictly of the sheep's brains blu-tacked to the fore-head variety although Mark Shepherd's beard is a prosthetic device of mind-boggling technology. Suspense consists of endless POV shots, breathing from the horny zombioid loud enough to wake up a heavily sedated deaf man who has not slept for a month and that bloody music that

brings to you these very horrendous and ultra-nasty ways of harming virtually everyone you knew is of COUNT DUMME, who would not hesitate to RIP HIS MOTHER'S EYES OUT! Count Dumme won the Intercollegiate High School Boxing Championships in 1982 when he beat up

A jizz-juggling record for the highest number of 69s on a beach in D'Amato flick was definitely set. The scene that truly summed up all that is magnificent about this film and the whole porno-genre was of two horrendously afroed negroes (possibly the



## PETRIFYING COLOR!

backing singers from Bon Jovi, rolling their eyes in mock-ecstasy as they shoved their totally limp dicks into some poor actresses throat who looks like

no coach, employing the death-dealing art of Karate, Kung Fu, Jeet-Kune-Do, Aikido and Kick In The Groin, The International House of Pancakes, and the Count... "Mother of the Year" when he ATE HIS OWN SON dressed in tux.

## ART OF SPANNING

to be putting maximum concentration into not throwing up. D'Anato uses his background as a photographer and cinema-togographer to flawlessly pick out any unsightly blemishes or zits on his casts' buttocks. A totally twisted and tormented flick that will surely alienate all but the most depraved of junk-movie fans in search of that ultimate fix of mayhem, mutilation and glistening twats. A true yank-cranker and a total killer!!!

As Kenny puts it in his dudette Philly dialect, he said the girl were "suckin' lots of one o'clock in the morning. You know, I got her clothes off and didn't realize she was missing a leg or anything. I think [her amputation] was above the knee, too."

#### APCALYPSE SEXUAL

#### HOGL... A CREATURE

#### AWAKENS TO HELL... KILL!

We were fuckin' buck-naked, and I'm goin' for it—Mr. Peter had a hankie, whatever.

Sorceresses go ultra-sleaze! A catalogue of mild perversions guaranteed to stimulate the palate of even the most jaded connoisseur are in abundance in this totally brutal porno-actress helmed by Carles (cunningly disguised as Cherly) Mured.

Political correctness, along with most of the cast gets fucked up the ass in this outrageous tale of a gang of bank-robbing hedonists specializing in kidnap and ransom who capture a millionaire's daughter. Subjected to endless degradation and abuse, the captive turns captor as she

OMG THIS IS SO DISILLUSIONING... HOW COULD I EVER HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS A HIGHLY ENLIGHTENED SPIRITUAL PERSONALITY?

WHAM  
BAM  
SLAM  
CRAM  
RAM

BUT I HAVE  
READ OF YOU...  
AND I KNOW YOU  
ARE DIFFERENT  
FROM MERE  
MEN!

# UNBELIEVABLE!

NEW!

gradually learns to loathe it (just like in real life) and manipulates the hedonists into cutting one another up with a solitary, due to budgetary restrictions, flick-knife.

Euro-sleaze sluts supreme, Ajita Wilson and Linda Ronney give it loads. Mrs Franco, wearing now but a sulky pout which suggests a gobful of Juge-Juice

## A HORROR SUSPENStory

EVER SINCE A  
PRINCE-CHENTER JOHN  
GAVE HER A HORROR  
SERIAL TO MESSAHERO  
THE ATTENTHMENT CRUNCH.

HERE,  
I'LL TAKE  
THIS ONE...  
I LIKE TO  
BEAT OFF TO  
PICTURES OF  
ERIC ESTRADA.



NOW PLAYING at the DRIVE-IN

## SUPERBEAST

WAAA!  
WAAA!

MNGHHH!



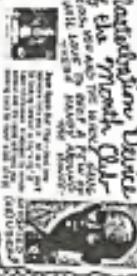
"I had her layin' down on the bed, you know, and I was poised to make entry. I had my hand on one of her legs, raising it up, and I'm reachin' around for the other one, and I couldn't fuckin' find it! I couldn't find it, and I said, 'Where the fuck is your leg?' And, you know, I tried searching for it four or five times. And finally she says, 'You're not gonna find my leg.' And I said, 'When the fuck do you mean I'm not gonna totally throw myself into an orgy of nipple-rubbing frenzy with her lesbo-pal? Truly a Queen of unholy carnality, she revels in her role and delights in venting her aggression and unusual desires upon poor 'ol Wilsons' surgically constructed orifices to the extent that it's a miracle that the stitches didn't split. Small wonder that everyone's fave six-foot trans-sexual recently shuffled off this mortal coil!

"Find your leg? You know, I'm lookin' for the other leg so I could drill her. And then she said something like, 'No, you don't understand—I don't have a leg there.' And it finally dawned on me—I think I remember looking down and seeing the stump. I was really drunk."

It's about this time that I'm contracted to wheel out the standard smart-ass comments about the 70s fashions, vague puns having a lot of bottle, getting snookered and wickin' off 'cos I'm too chicken-shit to get down to brass-tacks and then finish off with some guilty whine about how I'm not really into all this and how sick it's all is and how I didn't jerk myself silly and I hope sunny isn't reading this.

SATAN IS COMING!

**BLOODSUCKER!**



It's nasty, mean-spirited and misogynistic filth overflowing with horrendously edited sucky-fucky. Woman-haters will no doubt be in serious danger of dehydration thru loss of bodily fluids.

## RORY HAYES AN APPRECIATION BY BILL GRIFFITH

Others will find this to be a far more concise essay on the machismo of Spanish men and the their fear of women, than multiple viewings of the much-celebrated and oft-dissected Blood Spattered Bride.

RORY ARRIVED AT MY FRONT DOOR ONE DAY IN HIS CLASSIFIED AND DISHEVELED AND ASKED FOR A GLASS OF MILK. "YOU ARE YOU TODAY, BILL?" HE SAID. "I haven't seen you in some time." A half-hour later he left with a copy of a story book featuring someone in a house with a bath on Mission Street.

### HUMAN BEASTS

Wildly uneven and totally racist Japanese/Spanish co-production helmed by everyone's favourite "chunky ex-power-lifter", Jacinto Molina. Jim plays Bruno, a mercenary who is "the best at what he does". Which appears to be double-crossing his mysterious Japanese employers and steal their diamonds.

Bruno was the Japanese assassin in the San Francisco underground comic scene, soft-spoken and kind, a vision any madman running under the surface. During his best years he created some of the most personal, eroticistic, funny and generally weird comic strips I have ever produced. His vision was inspired by a bizarre mix of EC warlike stories, childhood fears, and a drug recipe (consisting largely of methamphetamine). The way he was always scouting up the prostitutes he was in person as

Bruno wipes them out, with the exception of Leiko who is expecting his child.

Wounded whilst fleeing from his vengeful ex-lover, Bruno takes shelter at the Don Simone mansion where he convalesces under the watchful eye of the wacky Don, his kooky daughters Alicia and Monica and fed by the dark-skinned and mysterious house-keeper, Rachel.

According to the author's notes, he must confess he always thought that if Rory hadn't been such a great cartoonist, he would have made a fine anti-murderer. THE SANTA CRUZ BAY STATION (1962, RORY ARRIVES HOLDING A PAPER)

Starting with an effectively atmospheric credit sequence, complete with medieval wood-carvings and weeping monks, the



YOU REP-SUITED FOOL! DON'T YOU REALIZE yet that you're TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH THE IMPOSSIBLE?

THE STEEL SPRINGS COILED AT MY FEET MAKE ME A DOZEN TIMES AS FAST—MORE AGILE THAN YOU CAN EVER HOPE TO BE!

## OF TERROR!

I had been missing for a week, and I knew she was a person, so I knew she was a person, and I felt like I was performing a service to God, to search and find her, and help get them off the streets. It came back to God... I wanted to remember me as the one who helped her.

Joseph Brian Sotka, self-declared "St. Peter, Messenger of the Lord," owner of aging and rotting dog pods in Long Beach, California

film takes on a split personality and twists and turns from a bog standard actioner into a supernatural stalk'n'slash'er until its' downbeat finale: Bruno, haunted by the ghosts of his past and reborn through the attentions of the doting Alicia, decides to renounce his violent ways only to meet a grisly fate at the hands of his saviours.

"BAD (NO GUNSAF) JASH ON SPEED AND CAUTIOUSLY HIS WILDERNESS CATCHES AND CAPTURES HIM. SOON HE AND THE TROOPS SET OUT ON A JOURNEY FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BUT FULL OF ENERGY, CHARGE INTO A NEARBY HAMLET. WHAT HE ARRIVES TO FIND IS ANGRIELY STUPID WITH THE ANGELS. PARANOIA HAS ALL HIS GUARDIANS TURNED AS HE PROCEDED TO POUR INTO ISLAND CHAOS—CHASING, KILLING, AND BURNING DOWN UNTO EVERY GUY IS GONE, BUT HE ISN'T. HE WAKES THE NEXT DAY, SHREWD BUT STILL WILDERNESS."

Apparently, the anthropology obsessed and skull-collecting Don who slaughters pigs in his basement is a nutter with a taste for human flesh thanks to the

They were  
mutilated  
in the art of  
MUTILATION  
and  
MURDER



CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH  
DEAD THINGS Human Lust  
Animal Desires

A sorry specimen of that most repulsive mongrel; the horror-comedy. Bob Clark and Alan Ormsby's homage to Romero is a huge let-down.

## LONELY?

Considering this was only Cleark and Ormsby's second production, disappointment was inevitable, but expectations had been raised by the lavish fan-masturbation dished out in *Bombay*.

Urmy indulges himself in a vicious attack on actors(?) with his stereotypical carpet-bunching performance as a fag director who bullies his worn-like cast into performing black magic rituals on a freshly ~~run~~-up corpse.

It's not skid-row production values or abysmal acting that scupper proceedings but the flaccid pacing and lack of any real laughs from the "outrageous black humour". It's only when the zombies get out of bed on the wrong-side and it all goes span-in-a-cabin that Clark & V. Grasby give any real indication of their future potential. Despite gory feeding sequences being obscured by poor lighting, the scenes whereby the dead emerge from their graves like diseased flowers hatching from dead soil is too notch.

Enter...if you dare  
the bizarre world of  
the psychosexual mind.

AND ATE IT...  
AND PUKE IT...  
AND ATE IT...  
AND PUKE IT...  
AND ATE IT...

HEY! IS THAT  
A GARDEN HOSE  
BETWEEN YOUR LEGS?  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE  
YOU, MAN, SOME KIND  
OF FREAK?

THE GENTAL  
MUTTERINGS HAVE  
TAPESTRY OFF, BUT  
THE FRIGGIN'  
BROWNSKIN PROS-  
STITUTE HAVE  
DOSED!

YOU  
MEAN  
THERE'S  
DWARFS?

AND YOU  
STILL HAVEN'T  
YET SEEN AND  
EXERCISE MY  
GREATEST  
TALENTS!

The Royal Coat of Arms of the United Kingdom, featuring a lion and a unicorn flanking a shield with a cross, topped by a crown, all within a circular border.

YES...SAFE! SAFE  
BEHIND THEIR MASKS  
OF PREJUDICE, THESE  
HODDOG PEOPLES OF  
RACIAL, RELIGIOUS,  
AND POLITICAL  
HATRED OPERATE  
TODAY! MIND YOU, THEY  
ARE SHREWD AND  
RUTHLESS MEN SUCH  
AS THOSE IN OUR  
STORY! HOW LONG  
CAN WE STAY "COOL"  
AND INDIFFERENT  
TO THIS THREAT TO  
OUR DEMOCRATIC  
WAY OF LIFE? IT IS  
TIME TO UNVEIL  
THESE USURPERS OF  
OUR CONSTITUTIONALLY  
GUARANTEED FREEDOMS!

Treated far too kindly by reviewers and lauded as a cult classic it's nothing more than a very modest homage to *Night of the Living Dead*. I suggest that you skip your way past this onto *Dead of Night* and *Deranged*.

All I want to know is, where was the scene of the zombies chowing down on guts whilst watching *NOTLD* on TV? ?

MAN, CHIPS LIKE, IS, WELL, IT'S REALLY ABOUT, LIKE, YOU KNOW—JESUS! THE TWO PIGS REPRESENT, LIKE, THE TWO KIDS OF JESUS! JESUS HAD NO YIN, HE WAS, LIKE, YANG AND YANG... YOU UNDERSTAND??

ASSOCIATION WAS GREAT RECENTLY TO A NEW AUTOPHOTOGRAPH BY A FRIENDLY CHRISTIAN. ASKED . . .

LIFE IS MEANT TO BE ENJOYED.



TRACE LORDS IS...AROUSED

Yankee spunk-opers about an up-tight authoress whose writers block can only be cleared by a vigorous shafting from Rod Stewart's stunt double. Once that it has been unlocked she drifts into a world of increasingly explicit fantasies. But where does reality end and fantasy begin? Do you really care or are you here for the open flag photo? "I'm a real 'man-suck,'" Traci has said. "Men are the lowest form of creatures." Admittedly, this former page-star has reason to be bitter. Once upon a time Lords was a lonely little girl with the decidedly unsexy name of Norma Kurna. In her early teens, Norma discovered that she could use her rapidly blossoming body to make many, many new male friends to fill the void left by the disappearance of her abusive stepbrother's daddy. Lords describes her teen years as "boozey and boys," and by age 15 she had been knocked up, had an abortion, and had ditched this unscrupulous

Teenie slut Trace Lords is the screaming for semen star of this scum-flecked flick. Her popularity, much like quantum physics and how to undo bras with one hand, remains a total mystery to me. She's just some snotty brat with a ridiculous pout and a pair of udders that look like they got caught up in granny's mangle. Despite Lords' subsequent sob-stories blaming it on the coke/booze you just now she'd put her finger up yer gassy glitter... with a drooling old weirdo who, posing as Lords' stepbrother, had introduced her to the hot, exactly clothy ladies at the World Modeling Agency in Sherman Oaks, Ca. The agency was a front for a porno studio, and soon Lords was being featured in all her undressed nakedness in the pages of *Pinuphouse* magazine. This spread was a hit, so little Norma got a penile job and changed her name to Traci Lords ("Lords" being taken from Jack Lord of *Hawaii 5-0*, "the first man who made me realize I was stupid," Traci has explained).



I mean this gal makes more noise when on the end of some studs' smoking peace pipe than a wounded buffalo having its piles prodded by an irate pygmy secured miles far Laredo in a with a sharpened bamboo splint! long series of scenes

The highlight has just gotta be some totally hot Asian babe getting nasty whilst some donkey-wanged ro talent chews her flange like some lager lout devouring a dinner kebab. For

Lords seemed only 820 a day for her first paid film, *The Joy of Ecstasy*, but in no time her budding natural assets, combined with a willingness to carry on looking even after the cameras had stopped, had stepped into a series of scenes

her troubles she then has a large smattering of cheese-whiz blasted onto her carefully coiffed toupee.

Very much bog-standard fare with very little incentive for you to grease up yer marigolds.

Lords hasn't helped her career with a series of disturbing comments in the press regarding her lack of success. "I don't believe in fucking fat, stupid, Jewish prostitutes to get a role," the once-and-omniscient movie brat has said. "There are plenty of sluts willing to pull their pants down for that. The only difference between me and them is I did more on film."

—PESIOERO DI SESUO

Jean Rollin is loved by fans of *Fetish* and *The Fantastic*. Tattooed upon the memory of any viewer of his totally stylised vampire films are their surreal imagery, morbid intensity, sexual delirium and half-naked space-alien vampires with pointy attachments on their nipples.



GULP! IT'S AUGH GRANDMA, THE SHAMPS HICKY H-HEHS... UN... SCREWIN' SOME ONE-ARMED GAL!

DEFINITELY FREE!!  
3 FILMS  
OF DELIGHTFUL DEBACCHERY

THE RATS ARE COMING!  
THE MERTY MURKES ARE OUT!

So, the opportunity to view one of his hardcore productions was not to be passed up. What imagination and verve would the gallic auteur bring to a genre swamped in dross?

Fuck all basically. The flick views like a piece of huck-work churned out to pay the rent inbetween more indulgent and less commercial ventures. Which is what it is.

Extreme case of zadiomassochism. This man inserted large sticks into his anus and with the Inspiro-like contraption could produce in-and-out movements by flinging his knees. The cause of death was a heart attack.

CONT. PAGE 10

CONT. FROM PAGE 11

You'll be hard pressed to match the scene of a nasty La hafie writhing about in her silk pyjamas whilst a sour-faced tart gives her glistening clam a finger work-out.

On street petrol nicking some poor kid who's nicked 10 bob's worth of sweets from Woolies, it's just one of the many rewarding day to day activities involved in being a Special.

Comic relief is provided by a hysterically stereotyped Resistance fighter who prematurely blows his diseased seed over an ungrateful starlet's cheek.

Overall those in search of a new supply of ball bouncers could do worse than look to Europe but would be advised to avoid this slice of froggy fornication.

Specials are volunteers from all walks of life. They have absolutely no respect from anyone over the age of seven and about the same powers as a parking attendant.

IMAGINE DE UN CONVENTO

**SHHHHLOK!**

My nun-plunger of a plonge promised to take me into new dimensions of forskin retraction and vein defenition in quivering anticipation of exposure to one of D'Amato's more infamous efforts. And I don't try and tell me that ever since watching Ma 45 that you haven't fantasised about your love plums getting a righteous milking from some pubescent nun. And you're going to Hell be-

Being a Special will help develop your self confidence (which should be quite low judging by the amount of piss taking and bullying you got at school). You should be suffering some sort of social defect ie: ginger hair, glasses, rich parents, an aptitude for physics or the complete inability to play football either way you took a lot of shit off all the ladies.

cause of at! I must apologise to any female readers for this sexist drivel but Bomba is written by spotty male virgins with an unhealthily interest in a misogynistic and intellectually non-challenging genre for spotty male virgins blah blah..

See the  
real poor  
white  
trash!

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

300UMIZED  
AGAIN!

I am looking for a few nice girls for I am very hairy. I have been a mental hospital and would love to hear from a friend. I would have been as grateful to have been in the SCHOOL NOR NINHOS

STUPID ME,  
LADY, BUT HOW MUCH  
FOR THIS COMPLETE SET  
OF "DINOSAUR ATTACK"  
CARDS?

D'Amato breaks his own precedent by making, much like Beyond The Darkness, a well photographed and atmospheric (although rather more restrained) film. It revolves around hordes of exceptionally hairy Italian nuns frigging themselves & stooping whilst a statue of Pan has lots of fun.

By joining the Specials not only will you be with like minded gits like yourself, you will also be able to get your own back on society and refresh that deep hatred you have fostered for all these years. Eventually you will be able to grow a mustache and drive your own Panda car and kick all those bastards who made your teenage life such a misery.

coloured strobes flashed at it every time it appears on screen. Unfortunately the bloke who did the soundtrack to Trap Them And Kill Them is also along for the ride.

So if you are aged between 18 & 50 have no friends, no social graces, a spotty complexion and the burning desire to get your own back! Then call our confidential sad bastard helpline Call Now! 0345 999 999

It's craftsmanship qualities can't compensate for its flimsy plot (hampered by Italian language) and the lack of any hardcore sex and violence. At a time when you would expect Joe to revel in an excess of total tastelessness, he bottles it with a display of softcore fuzziness (copyright Public Puke LTD 95). I mean I don't think you'll find this in yer local Blockbuster, but hardened Blockbites may well dismiss it as light-weight candyfloss.



Not much else to say that was in last ish' Behind Convent Walls review. It appears that Joe has foreshadowed me in my hour of need and that my quest for the ultimate horny nuns with the bodies of strippers flick must go on. TO BE CONTINUED.....

**ADULT**

Rollin relies on that main-stay of all leaden-brained writers, the "is it a dream?" scenario, to justify a knob-numbing smorgasbord of doggy-style jiz shots and precious little else.

A horrific looking hypodermic needle gushing with clear fluid(subtle eh?) and the starring presence of Glarks are the best excuses I can come up with for wasting my less than precious time on this doomer.

Her clear-skinned beauty & slight chubbiness are reminiscent of a 40s screen starlet. Only A Dario Argento fan would consider kicking this lady out of bread for eating prawn crackers. As soon as she stops shagging ugly french-men with sweaty foreskins I will gladly drink her bath-water. Even if she had peed in it. ☺

A major disappointment but the promise of *Phantasmes*, Rollins only(?) excursion into a hybrid of hardcore sex and horror beckons. **SO**

Will I ever learn?

Only a day here you can sit in complete relaxation on the beach here in this really beautiful spot you can伸展 beyond many a misery caused pleasure into the realm of all the dominantly powerful magnificently serene **Ultimate Bliss**. Only with the book are you lessened to your own self-forgetfulness for hours on end without losing, appreciating prematurely, or rating your mind state of exasperation to eliminate, connecting in the most fulfilling enjoyment you have ever felt close together, than that which comes from taking of your poor bodies in a permanent association of instant pleasure.

HARTLY TURNED HIS HEAD AND COVERED HIS EYES TO HIDE THE GORY SIGHT, BUT LIEUTENANT LINDEN'S HYSTERICAL BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEKS CONTINUED AS THE VINE-ROOTS TORE HIS ARMS AND LEGS FROM HIS BODY, ONE BY ONE! THE SHRIIL VOICE FROM THE ELECTRONIC TRANSLATOR WAS QUITE AUDIBLE...

EMANUELLE IN AMERICA

Dirty Joe D'Amato unleashes the scuzziest entry yet in his long-running, it pays the rent I guess, *Emmanuelle* saga. I'm reliably informed that this "is the one that they've all been talking about" No surprise considering that segments of this celluloid mish-mash make *Blood-Sucking Freaks* look like a life-affirming advert for a Christian prayer-group!

Emanuelle's quest for a new story is the novel and inventive excuse for Joe to dish the dirt as the Black Pearl infiltrates a horse owned by a degenerated millionaire. As first sight there's precious little to report, but undeterred Emanuelle uses her groovy pendant camera necklace to snap shots of yawn-inducing soft-core humping, copulating horses and some hilarious looking hard-core (excised in the completely legitimate over the counter honest guy Italian language version I tortured my eyeballs with). However

whilst spying on Mr Big, Emanuelle discovers his private collection of snuff movies and the film takes on a particularly sick bent.

**SWINGERS  
PHONE  
NUMBERS**

IT'S AN  
OLD PARTRIDGE  
FAMILY COMIC  
BOOK! CAN  
YOU DIG  
IT?

—SOMETHING  
DREW ST.  
ORGANS A  
OVER IT.  
WE GOT IT  
ONLY 31  
CENTS.

AM FROM  
NEW JERSEY.  
LIVE IN NEW JERSEY.  
WE KILL PEOPLE  
FOR NO REASON  
AT ALL, CUZ WE  
ALL GOT CANCER  
ANYWAY SO WHO  
GIVES A  
SHIT?

AS: Do you ever worry about nuclear war?

SWF 940, as far as I'm concerned, the whole fuckin' planet is blown up the minute I die.

**H**owever, Mother Nature hurls a sharp meat cleaver when she's pissed! You thought it was painful when a car door slammed shut on your hand? When you accidentally stepped on your finger? When you stubbed your toe and tore open a hellish flesh flap? You probably winched as you watched the surgeon sew up your tummy with six messy stitches, didn't you? Did you lug at the stitches as the wound healed, watching the scabs move around like a brown beetle? Ever pull out the stitches yourself? It stings like a hornet. You might even draw a drop of blood or two.

Stereotypical in the extreme (fat South American soldiers torture and rape attractive European women) and obviously staged (edited and differing camera angles) the fake footage really gets you squirming in revulsion as the sweaty, leering guards torture the girls with dildoes, knives and a blow-torch. The grainy black and white picture whirs, jumps and splits as the gruesome event takes place and an extremely

as a movie. Emmanuelle was so shocked at what he saw in an instruction for her safety, he developed that he never completed about 40 scenes of the movie.

fleeting glimpse of a guard's erection as he is about to commit rape and a close-up of blood-drenched hooks and work-benches do nothing to dispel a feeling of hideous authenticity.

As if this one hadn't already overstepped the mark Joe chuckles in a totally outrageous dream sequence where Emmanuelle is masturbating from behind while looking into the torture chamber. Analysis of D'Amato's thought process and reasons for inserting such scenes into a softcore sex film are a challenge best left to medical science.

On the set of all the scenes of Emmanuelle, the crew of the French movie were required to wear protective leather suits. Once shot, these suits were brought to the dressing room. They were then washed and sterilized. After this, the suits were prepared to receive the trapped men.

Whilst it was easy to laugh off the pathetic Snuff (filmed in South America, where animal gizzards and sticky-tape are cheap!), this mean-spirited little shit really twists your gonads. If you must insist on subjecting yourself to this sleaze-fest than I suggest you prepare a boiling bath, a wire brush and an industrial sized tub of bleach to scrub yourself clean with afterwards.



BLINDFOLDED  
FEMINIST  
TORTURED  
IN BONDAGE

OH OH  
THIS IS TERRIBLE  
OH JESUS MARY M'  
JOSUAH IS SICK  
OH MINGFUL  
GOD THIS ABS  
IS THE ULTIMATE  
THE HIGHEST  
BODY IS FINE  
AT LAST

55 BROTHEL

Incomprehensible performances in Gallic vein, only bearable thanks to the presence of the melon-titted Brigitte Lahaie. Her hairdo from Hell and slutish eye-makeup had me flagging my wangs till the blood blisters burst!

Even such a highly suckable pair of bitches fail to make this bastard offspring of 'Allie' 'All' a much more than a test of your boredom endurance levels. I'm sure that Eurotica big cheese Jose Benazeraf is making some form of grand political statement with the films' endless dialogue, climactic torture scene and editing a la Salvador Dali wearing boxing gloves. It's all totally lost on me! A clue could be in Lahaie's recent description of Benazeraf as a right-wing racist in the hugely over-rated and expensive ETC.

## BAD GIRLS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

Minimal differences between this and standard York porn; hideous disco muzak and fashion mistakes are replaced by smirking opers and countless shots of whores sitting on bidets. However the overall feel is of a naturalism and comfort with the material missing from the more cosmetic American product-LONG, SKONT. PAGE 92

But golly joshes, imagine the pain of having a fucking BMW lopped off, an unpredictable red leaf ripped clean from your body. Have you ever felt pain remotely close to that? I know I haven't. But it could happen anywhere, any time. The lingo of progress get sharper by the hour. Maybe your wrist will get chewed to bits in a leaf shredder or shredded under a pile driver. Perhaps your beloved's leg will get pulverized under a trash truck's bald tires. Maybe your left thigh will get charred like a turkey bone when your car engine blows up next month. There's always a chance that a gas leak explosion will blast your arm clear off to the shoulder blade. Or you'll be innocently poking around for a lost wedding ring in your garbage disposal when the dirty little machine grates your fingers down to the palms. Whatever happens to you, I pray it happens soon.

RAW FLESH!

# WEIRD SEX FANTASIES WITH THE BEHINDIN MIND... SEE IT AT YOUR OWN RISK!

## INQUISITION

Naschy flies straight in at number one on Bombs "The Kids Hate You" chart. Nothing is more likely to send me into a mouth-foaming rage of Stefan J.-like proportions than the eycophantic blatherings that surround his shoddy werewolf series, hailing him as the last keeper of the flame that was Hammer. Since when does a ropey period-piece flick with a surplus of f\*cking bosoms, qualify its' creator as some holy fucking vanguard? Please, do me a favour cockney guvnor...

I swear that the next time I have to read a fanzine that mentions Naschy once allowed himself to be bitten by live rats, I will hunt down the editor responsible and take a medras-fuelled dump in his mouth.

Rantings aside, Naschy is ideally cast as a lust-crazed Judge who controls his desires by torturing and burning innocents at the stake. Totally nutzoid, Naschy appears to have a whale of a time as he runs around in a red jump-suit that was rejected by Santos' fashion-consultant. I roared with laughter at the scene where Naschy takes sadistic glee in torturing a busty young wench with the lurid illustrations in his Encyclopaedia of Daemons. The way his eyes bug-out yo just know that he's on the verge of creaming his pants.

It's painfully obvious that Naschy is going to come to a sticky end, consumed by his inability to control his inner desires. So it's no big deal when they do. It takes some pretty fucking ridiculous plot twists to get us there 'tho. A hideously deformed retard lurches around sniffing young girls' panties to ensure that the charisma-free Naschy is not the most repulsive shit on view.

Did we really need a nudo



a cult of the living dead!

# Beast of Flesh

WE TELLIN' YA TRUE, MAN!  
WE WERNT GONNA MENTION IT TO YA,  
WANT WITH YOU GUYS BEEN OLD PALS AND  
ALL, BUT WE CAUGHT HIM BUTT-FUCKING  
THIS TRANSVESTITE AT A PARTY  
THE OTHER NIGHT

GUARANTEED!  
THE 8  
GREATEST  
SHOCKS  
IN FILM

MORE SICKNESS

THAN REPULSION

MORE INFECTED SPERM

THAN PARTY ANXIETY

MORE INFLUENZA

THAN PERVERSION

MORE SYNOPTIC

THAN PSYCHO

MORE

THAN

WHETHER AUBREY  
COLLINS WAS ANNO-  
CENT OR GUILTY  
IS NOT IMPORTANT!  
BUT FOR ANY AMERICAN TO HAVE  
SO LITTLE REGARD  
FOR THE LIFE AND  
RIGHTS OF ANY  
OTHER AMERICAN  
IS A DEBAUCHE  
OF THE PRINCIPLES  
OF THE CONSTITUTION  
UPON WHICH OUR  
COUNTRY IS  
FOUNDED!  
EDITORS

OUT THROATS NINE

"I like yer tits girlie," our stud intones in a totally OTT Uncle Tom style.  
"Dooch yes, suck on my cock white girlie. That sure does feel fine. Lordy, lordy, that sure does feel bee-yoo-tiful."

"Aww, this makes me feel like shaking my tits around." The pair leap and as he swings his shaft out of time to the calypso sound-track, she bends over and wobbling her hideous butt she plates his meat with amazing dexterity. It climaxes with a standard chaotic-eruption and the women stumbling on in her own heavy-lidded manner about nigger west.

Available on sell-through at your local high street store.

... is the scuzziest Western this side of Peckinpah to pass thru my VCR. Avoiding many of the cliches inherent in Spaghetti Westerns whilst creating a few twists of its own, its simple story-line demands audience interaction with the intriguing characters and the brutal violence propels it along at a brisk pace.

Serge Brown is responsible for escorting seven convicts from the gold mine at which they've been chain-ganged to a fort. Following a disastrous attack by gold-hunting bandits, the rebellious group is forced to continue its trek on foot under the gaze of the forceful Brown. Frictions build and pressures reach boiling point when it transpires that one of the convicts, identity not revealed, was responsible for the murder of Brown's young wife and that the chains that shackle them together are solid-gold; they were being used as unknowing dupes for the authorities. It soon escalates to a grisly climax.

By far the most fascinating device used within the film is freeze-frame at its most dramatic moments which is used to offer smattering of back-ground detail on that protagonist. This works upon a theory that is introduced early in proceedings and is ever-presenting that at the time of death or great danger, that your life flashes before your eyes. Indeed this is the only film whereby I have pondered the characters' actions outside of the time period covered by the film's narrative. As Brown and his daughter kathy, fight a losing battle against the cruel elements

1978 - STEVEN QUAYE HIS FACTORY JOB

EAT SOME PASTE



GHASTLY BEYOND BELIEF

THE SPERM OF  
FRANKIE STEVENS

SPUR!

? WHAT??  
OH, GET REAL,  
LISA! DIDN'T YOU  
JUST HEAR HIM  
SAY HE LIVES TO  
FIND HIS JUSTICE  
OVER ERIC  
ESTRADA?

THE METAL SPLIT OPEN AND FELL AWAY IN TWO PIECES - UNRE-  
LISING, THE ROTTED, DECAYED, PUTRID-SMELLING HEAD OF A  
WOMAN! THERE WAS NO DOUBT WHO SHE WAS - FOR TO GARY, THE  
FLAMING RED HAIR WAS THE MOST POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION!

and the human vultures that gather, the chain that links the convict drives deep divisions due to its' very nature and value. As greed and lust surface and metamorphose into violence one of the convicts is strangled because the others are too lazy to allow no concession to his broken leg. When Brown refuses

to cut the corpse free and for forces them to carry it, they leave it on a fire overnight until Kathy discovers its smoldering remains! As Brown's love and devotion to Kathy gives him strength, the brutal acts that he has to commit force them to survive drive her away from him.

I've no wish to distract any potential viewing enjoyment by rambling and wanking on about the rest of the film. Needless to say, it's final message of retribution is well in keeping with its' bleak and nihilistic roots. Whilst not on a level with *The Bell Of Hell* or *Videodrome* it's certainly from the same mould in that it improves upon repeated viewings and deserves attention.

It may be a down 'n dirty monstrosity of a film but if you think I'm gonna discuss the director, cast etc.....

#### REDBECK ZOMBIES

Cast your mind back to the days of Chas Belun, Deep Red mag, Horror Holocaust, Films That Bite, Troms and.... REDBECK ZOMBIES!

Shot on video, RZ is a nifty little flick which really does belie its' budgetary restrictions. This ain't no ZOMBIE 90 shitfest. Sure, it looks pretty cheap but it's so much fucking FUN that it doesn't seem to matter.

#### INSTANT ACTION

#### PEEL OFF BLACKHEADS

The story is simple... surprise, surprise. Barrel of toxic sludge falls off the back of an Army jeep (Hey it happens. OK!) and into the paws of a bunch of rootin-tootin' redneck fuck-ups. After turning

it into a still and brewing radioactive shit into a batch of moon-shine, they turn into ravenous cannibal zombies. Enter lunch, a weird, mixed bunch of mostly middle-aged, nobodies, presumably the only losers willing to star in a film about in-bred mutant redneck zombies!

Picked off one by one, the sole survivor is by now a gibbering wreck thanks to the ghastly horror that she has witnessed and is locked in asylum. But wait... Who's that in the cell next door? Another camper who spent the entire film swigging from a bottle of booze, never utters a word and ends up being gutted and eaten. How so? Well, this is what makes RZ the gem it is. Surreal little touches abound, lifting the film up, up and away from the cess-pit of smut on-video hell. Consider the character known as the Tobacco Man: The Ice Cream Man of red-neck land, selling different types of 'bacco to the giddy kiddie 'necks, driving around

THEN I FELT THE HORRIBLE, SLIMY  
TOUCH OF ITS PROTOPLASMIC BODY  
PRESSING OVER ME....

and banging on a frying pan to let the kids know he's here. With a crumpled brown paper bag on his head and a creepy sludgy voice, he is an inspired touch. Sadly limited to a small amount of screen-time he pops up at the end to save the day and in the process sends our lone heroine over the edge into *excess*!

There's a skin-crawlingly tense scene where a wide-eyed terrified young woman struggles, bound and gagged on a sofa waiting for the red-neck dinner table. Homages and piss-takes abound. Hitch from Texas C.M. makes a daft appearance as does a visual from *2000 Maniacs* and even the "torchlight autopsy" from *Jaws*!

A few jumps aside, the videography looks good and the editing, normally the downfall in this type of affair is very easy on the eye and, in places, inspired. Most of the acting is adequate with the bungling rednecks a particular joy to behold. With cool squishy gore effects and some OK humour, this is mouth-watering, riotous entertainment for non-snobs.

Do you have what it takes to be

Richard Ramirez's girlfriend?

Mention must be made concerning the reprehensible potrait STEVEN GOES TO SCHOOL of a homosexual soldier. Camp, limp-wristed, mincing and so stupid that he walks straight into a huge mob of zombies just because they're male. Everyone concerned should be shot for letting this go, which shows more moronic backward mentality than any of the inbreds in the film. Bastards.

"Sweet Redneck Memories..."

Solos and dances and death and the unmentionable. Those were my interests. At eleven years old, I told my female teacher to blow me. Out loud. In the middle of class. I told every adult I met to go fuck themselves. I thought about running away to some faraway bus terminal and lying down. I wanted to inhale every drug in existence. My tastes weren't bad for an eleven-year-old.

#### CALIGULA AND MESSALINA

A real Italian atrocity. A brainless attempt to cash in on the, pretty much brainless, Roman/Caligula sub-genre. The plot is unimportant and is summed up thus: Caligula is a depraved sexual glutton as is his missus Messalina. A plot against him leads to his death and Claudio takes over as Emperor who, in the end is put to death.

but here's a fact, one would be a weird person  
anyways, always SM bondage type. I remember  
that I began to get excited from them. He died



# SCHLICK

Most men spend their lives fearing their mothers. I've spent my life plotting ways to kill her.

For whatever sake catch me before I kill  
more... I cannot control myself.

In between, we are treated to so much nudity that even the Bomba team become blasé about it, some wild (and crap) violence, gross sweaty softcore couplings, dwarves with big dicks fucking Messalina, laughable man-eating lions, men in skirts, virtual non-direction, execrable dubbing and worst of all, close-up porno-style scenes of animals having it off. I mean what sort of punter did they think they were catering for here???

I believe God has a twisted sense of humor  
and he uses me for his amusement.

—Uncensored notes of evaluation by from St. Anthony's Seminary, Santa Barbara, California

In-your-face shots of flapping pulsating horse vaginas and po dicks followed by penetration is NOT, I sincerely hope, what your average well-adjusted trash-fiend wants to see.

You have an excellent magazine, however there is one area I feel you have neglected: S&M/B&D.

Owl  
mmmm,  
slowly  
my love.  
(ugh)  
deeper,  
ooohh!

An Italian/French co-production, one wonders whether it was Anthony Peacock or Jean-Jacques Beaufort who decided upon this dubious inclusion. It'd be nice to gain an insight into such a cynical mind.

What else is there to say? A boring, almighty fuck-up with its' only redeeming feature being the mercifully short running time. **"ANSWER Me!"**

## **"ANSWER Me!"**

# THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES

The two-ton monster with the chain-saw teeth!

Building upon the trail blazed by Alex De Renzy, Gerald Gerald Domino pretty much singlehandedly dragged hardcore porn spitting and grunting into the public eye and invented "porno-chic." Porns' reign as an accessible and workable medium was short-lived, but even the most mediocre produce from this golden-age show up modern porn as the no-talent, silicone-titled trash that it is. Both the mind and flesh are provoked by the tale of Miss Jones, a frustrated middle-aged spinster, who having committed suicide finds herself in Hell's waiting room, a secluded farmhouse. Despite leading a chaste

TOWER OF  
SCREAMING VAMPIRES

life, the horrified Miss Jones is informed by an individual known as Abace that she is to be sent to Hell. Desperately but unsuccessfully pleading against her sentence ("It's not as if I'm on commission"), Miss Jones is allowed a temporary respite in order that she may indulge in the physical pleasures that she denied herself in life. Her actions and total embrace of sexual abandon reveal her previous abstinence to be self-denial based upon the threat/promise of eternal paradise/damnation rather than a true reflection of her inner feelings and desires.

Georgina Spelvin, in her first starring role having originally been hired to provide the films' catering is superb as Miss Jones. Although a little bit too much on the Headers Wives side of looks for my

BETH NORMAN  
and CAESSARIAN

SHE FOUND OUT how she  
lives below the red board

personal tastes she is ideal  
as the repressed spinster ;  
shedding her inhibitions. Shot  
during rehearsals without the  
knowledge of the players, the  
sex scenes have a true edge  
and freshness. Spelvin's sexual

babble as she instructs and goads two studs to enter her a and her squabbling over gobbling rights to an anomalous wang give a real feel of authenticity never repeated in cinema. Each public hair, drop of fluid and fold of flesh is clarified by the special magnifying lens that Demino employed to particularly startling effect to the scene where the ubiquitous Harry Reems defowers Alice Jones.

Having focused upon the forbidden fruits she is called back to face her destiny. Hell is not an inferno of demons and flames but a single white-washed cell where she is doomed to eternally frig herself short of an orgasm. Therefore her Hell of frustration and denial is one of her own creation; the sexual indulgences that she craved are the means by which she is to be punished. What you've never had you don't miss.

A total joy!!! At this rate we're gonna have to start calling ourselves BONER MOVIES!